

# Gang Starr Lyrics

## "Same Team, No Games"

(feat. H. Staxx, NYG'z)

[NYG'z]

Yo, do the knowledge to the master build the blow and the spliff  
The new millennium, hide them a beef  
Gotta watch what I say to you niggaz so I calm my patience  
'Cause the shit ain't really pass the statue of limitations  
The streets still holler about how strong I am  
Niggaz I hurt still holler about how wrong I am  
As a little nigger broke, thinking soda and coke  
Had me amazed how my steady hand kept in the flow  
Let it sit, cool and heart lit, hit the set cool and heartless  
In front of the store projects, as long as I made a profit  
I see you eyeing me, you fire escape diary  
Filled with pages of episodes and shying me  
Nonbeliever I hammer for hire  
Hit yo ass so hard that your coke will catch fire  
Dog the stakes are dyer, I'm no liar  
Hold the court and the street beef cause I got pride

[H. Staxx]

Same team no games, these chicks I blow brains  
Rap-a-lot soul train the corners rocking cocaine  
Got no shame  
Trying to blow these figures  
Headquarters gone he ain't left he still with us  
Not in the physical through us he live  
I can seen him with Big L, Pun, Pac and BIG  
Watching over the kid like dear shed the waist over  
And yelling "Ether", "Blowout" and "Takeover"  
I'm the truth; give you proof and your video shoot  
Pull them candors on you while them cameras on you  
How you love that  
Don't want to blow with Staxx  
So go ahead dumb up, make me car crumb up  
"It's the Militia"  
Yall niggaz don't know about I  
Got me heated, frustrated about to blow my high  
Me and Benz blazing, Rave got the gauge raising  
Sick of talking about it, niggaz ain't on my weight lift

[NYG'z]

Whenever we stand together, down for whatever  
Divided we get at you from more angles  
Gangstarr forbid, NYG's same team no games  
Love is love fame one in the same  
Corny style, niggers act strange going against the grain  
Don't want to see us on top of our thing, we adapt to change

Fame, fortune and material game, flow natural unrestrained  
Let me explain, niggers don't get it until you set it to flame  
Subject them to pain, make them respect  
The name, the set you rep, connects you get  
Stay ready to bang  
Steps ahead of competitors that'll test your aim  
H. Staxx shoot back splat dang your brain  
My foundation bust gats spread there's your brain  
Fuck with mine, spat not take the blame  
Play it for keeps, we came to win

*[Guru]*

YO, I'm the Jerry Rice to this, much too nice to quit  
And just so you know, we never liked you kid  
Since you ain't wanna let niggers eat  
I'm gonna convene with my team before  
We gotta let the trigger speak  
'Cause nowadays yall rappers are carbon  
Copies paws are sloppy, still its hard to stop me  
Especially when I connect with my man, rep for my fam  
We taking back the rest of our land  
And we don't really care if they say you are the shit  
They playing your hits  
We about to make our way in this biz  
And let's see if the gimmick last until the next season  
In a flash, take your stupid ass out, give me the next reason  
Flip for my peoples here, spit for my peoples here  
Yeah... time to get rich with my peoples here  
Cut of a snake's head, then we break bread  
Same team, no games  
You underground trying to fake dead

*[scratching by DJ Premier repeats]*

Let, let, let the games begin